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THE VALUE OF THE SABBATH TO YOUNG MEN.

"The Sabbath was made for man."—MARK II. 27.

THAT is, it was made for man *as such*—whatever his age, rank, country, complexion. It was made for the old man, that, at the close of a life of care and toil, he may review the journey over which he has traveled; that he may recal his errors and sins, and seek forgiveness, preparatory to his departure to another world; and that by calm contemplation and prayer, on a day designed to be so much an image of heaven, he may be fitted to enter into the world of which it is the emblem. It was made for the man in middle life—burdened and harassed with cares; endeavoring to support his family, and to make provision for himself and them when he is old; sustaining the various offices of the state, or laboriously occupying the departments of instruction; engaged in incessant professional duties, or exhausting his physical powers in the workshop or on the farm, that he may unburden himself for a time of his weary load; that he may counteract the tide of worldly influences that set in upon his soul, and put back the intrusions of selfishness, of avarice, of ambition; that he may cultivate the warm affections of the heart, and that by temporary rest he may gather strength to meet anew the temptations, and bear the toils of life. It was made for the young man, as he enters on his untried journey, that he may prepare himself for the career which he proposes to pursue. It is to this latter aspect of the design for which the Sabbath was 'made,' that I have been requested to ask your attention, by showing the importance of the Christian Sabbath to young men.

It was of Telemachus, then a young man, that Pisistratus, when approaching him as a stranger, said, in a passage which Melancthon declared to be the most beautiful in Homer, "All men stand in need of the gods." *Odys.* iii. 48. Every young man, in a much

higher sense than is supposed by most when they enter on life, will have need of the aid of his Maker; will be in circumstances where his own wisdom will not avail him, where his own strength will be weakness, where his skilful counsellors and advisers seem all to have departed, and where he will feel that none but God can furnish him with the protection and guidance which he needs. The Sabbath refers to our relations to God; but it is an appointment which was not revealed to the mind of the heathen sage as adapted to secure for a young man the needed aid from on high.

There is no more interesting object of contemplation than a young man when he is about entering on life. Those of us who have passed through that season, have a melancholy pleasure in looking back to it in our own lives, and in comparing our hopes and prospects as we looked out on the world, with what we have found to be the reality; and we cannot but feel that we have a sort of right to come and tell those who are just beginning the world how we felt; what plans we formed; what mistakes we made; how these mistakes might have been avoided, and what we have found the world to be. A young man, just entering on life, embarks on an unknown and a perilous voyage. If the interest of the fact itself will not suffer by the comparison, his condition may be likened to that of a ship that has never yet tried the waves and storms, as it first leaves the port. This world, so full of beautiful things, furnishes few objects so lovely as such a vessel, when with her sails all spread, and with a propitious breeze, she sails out of the harbor. But who can tell what that vessel is to encounter—into what unknown seas she may yet be drifted; between what masses of ice she may be crushed; on what hidden rocks she may impinge; what storms may whistle through her shrouds, and carry away her tall masts, or on what coasts her broken timbers may be strewn? Now, as the waves gently tap her sides, nothing can be more beautiful, or more safe; but storms arise on that ocean which now looks so calm, and in these storms, her beautifully modelled form; her timbers framed together to defy the tempest; her ropes and her canvass will avail nothing; and if she is saved, none but He can do it who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

A young man enters on the perilous voyage of life. We come to recommend the Sabbath to him as adapted to be a means of security in that dangerous way. When it is asked, as it naturally will be, what benefit he may derive from it, the thoughts are turned to these inquiries:—What the Sabbath is. What there is in the condition and prospects of a young man to which such an institution may be adapted: and, How its observance will contribute to the promotion of these objects.

The Sabbath presents itself to a young man, as it does to all others, in two aspects:—as a day of rest from worldly toil and care,

and a day of leisure to be employed in higher and nobler pursuits.

Its primary aspect is that of a day of rest from worldly toil. It meets man as a season in which the cares of life are to be suspended. The plow is to be left standing in the furrow; the store is to be closed; the sound of the hammer and of the mill is to be hushed; the loom is to stand still; the voice of worldly amusements is to die away; the marts of commerce, thronged on other days, are to be vacated; the judge is to descend from the bench; the noise of debate in the halls of legislation is to cease; the lawyer is to lay aside his brief; the wayfaring man is to pause in his journey; and the streets of the usually crowded capital, and of the busy village, are to unite in solemn stillness with the remote hamlet, and with the lonely cottage standing far from the busy haunts of men, in a suspension from the toils and agitations which pertain to this world. The elementary notion is that of *rest* from worldly toils and cares:—rest for the body; rest for the wearied mind. If the body has been worn down with fatigue through other days by traveling, or by hard labor at the plough or the forge; if the intellect has been exhausted by distracting mercantile pursuits, or by conflicts at the bar, or by stern application in the pursuits of science; if the passions have been lashed into excitement amidst the storms of political strife; if the affections of the heart have been jarred and dislocated in the jostlings and conflicts of the world; if the memory has been taxed by severe mental effort, or the imagination in an

adventurous song,

That with no middle flight presumes to soar

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,

the Sabbath is designed to furnish for each and all these, a season for repose. It is presumed that it is equally needful for a Cincinnatus at his plow, and Washington at Mount Vernon; for Milton, taxing the powers of the mind to the utmost in producing that "which may live to after times, and which the world will not willingly let die;" for Locke, in investigating with profound application the laws of the mind; for Newton, in determining the laws by which the worlds are moved; for Howard, in the continued intensity of zeal on an elevation which would have been passion in other men; for Pym and Hampden, in the stormy scenes of debate, when toiling to lay the foundations and to determine the conditions of civil liberty. Wherever mind and body are taxed and exhausted by toil,—and it is meant in the laws of our being that they shall everywhere be employed,—there the Sabbath is designed to come as a day of rest. The ship indeed will glide along at sea, for its course cannot be arrested, and the Sabbath of the mariner may often be different from that of the dweller in a palace or a cottage, and different from that which the seaman feels that he needs. The

sun and the stars will hold on their way, and the grass will grow, and the flower open its petals to the light, and the streams will roll to the ocean, for there is need that the laws of nature should be uniform; and the fibres of plants, and suns, and planets, and streams experience no exhaustion, and He who directs them all "fainteth not nor is weary;" but man is weary, and needs rest.

The other aspect in which the Sabbath meets man is, that of a day be devoted to other than worldly pursuits. He who made us would have as little consulted the laws of our being by appointing a day for mere indolence and inaction, as he would had he designated no day of rest. We have other interests than those which are connected with mere *labor*, whether of body or mind. We sustain other relations than those which pertain to "business," to gold, to honor, to pleasure. We have not only a body, but a soul; not only an intellect, but a heart; not only an imagination, but a conscience. We are not merely working animals, but are intelligent and accountable moral agents; we live not only here, but we are to live hereafter; we are not only plowmen, machinists, merchants, lawyers, physicians, ministers of religion, professors and teachers, but we are sons, brothers, husbands, fathers; we are not only men with understandings, but men with sympathies and affections, in a world too where there is the amplest room for the play of all our faculties. Our Maker has formed no susceptibility of the soul which he has not designed should be developed, and for whose development, in just proportions, he has not made ample arrangements. The bodily powers, the muscles, the organs of sense, the whole frame, the intellect, the memory, the imagination, the social affections, the sympathetic powers, he designs should be fully developed. He would not have the one stunted that the other may expand to a monstrous growth; he would not have us mere intellectual beings, cultivating the mind for purposes of cunning and self-glory, like Iago; or mere working animals; or cold, calculating lovers of gold, like Shylock; or mere creatures of the imagination, formed under the sole influence of poetry and novels; or mere weepers; or living only to enjoy mirth and to laugh at the follies of mankind, as is fabled of Democritus. There is not a faculty of our nature pertaining to body or mind; demonstrative or imaginative; individual or social; binding us to home and kindred; or to the world at large; uniting us to this world or to the next—or to distant worlds;—nay, exciting an interest in our minds in the flower, the running stream, or the meanest creature that creeps or flies, which it is not designed that we should cultivate if we would secure the perfection of our being. Man, with these relations, and these high powers to cultivate, the Sabbath meets as a day of leisure, that he may show, on such a day of rest, that he is distinguished from beasts of burden, and creatures governed by instinct, and those incapable of moral feeling, and those destined to no higher being, and those not knowing how to aspire to fellowship with God. The bird, indeed, will build

its nest on the Sabbath, and the beaver its dam, and the bee its cell; and the lion will hunt its prey, for they have no higher nature than is indicated by these things. But man has a higher nature than the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the forest; and the world would have been sadly disjointed and incomplete, if there had been no arrangements to develop it. The Sabbath is among those arrangements.

It is, indeed, a simple thing, merely to command a man to rest one day in seven; but most of the great results which we see, depend on very simple arrangements. The law which controls the falling pebble is a simple law—but all these worlds are kept by it in their places; the laws which you see developed in a prism bending the different rays in a beam of light, are simple laws—but all the beauty of the green lawn, of variegated flowers, of the clouds at evening, of the lips, the cheek, the eye; and all that we admire on the canvass when the pencil of Rubens or Raphael touches it, is to be traced to those simple laws. It is one of the ways in which nature works to bring out most wonderful results from the operation of the simplest laws.

We are prepared now to inquire what there is in the condition and prospects of a young man peculiarly to which such an institution may be adapted. The question is, whether there is any thing in the Sabbath of which one who is in the circumstances of a young man may avail himself, to check any tendency to evil, or to strengthen any of the principles of which it will be desirable to avail himself in the prosecution of his purposes of life.

A young man, like all other men indeed, may be contemplated in two aspects—as an individual, and as sustaining important relations. Though he has this in common, however, with all other men, yet there is a degree of importance to be attached to him in his relations to others which exist nowhere else—for soon all that is valuable in society is to pass into his hands. An aged man may, as an individual, be eminently good or evil, but his character is constantly losing its importance in reference to the world. So far as the *relations* of life are concerned, he is constantly either voluntarily or involuntarily *detaching* himself from all around him, and becoming an isolated being. He retires from the bar, the pulpit, the senate chamber, the exchange. He withdraws from business, and makes preparation to pass his houses and his lands into the hands of others. He has no powers now to be cultivated in which the world feels any interest; he has no passions to be restrained, from whose development the world would have anything to dread; he can form no plan stretching into future years, on which the world would look with either hope or fear. He will indeed be respected if he is virtuous, but he will not be feared if he is wicked; and whether the one or the other, the weapon which he strikes in favor of virtue or vice, will be like that in the hand of the aged Priam—

telum inibelle sine ictu. We may love him as a father, venerate him as a sage, honor him for his past services, or pity him on account of his infirmities; but we cease to rely on his arm in the defence of his country, or his eloquent voice in favor of a righteous cause; and we cease to dread him as a foe.

Not so, however with a young man. Everything is passing into his hands. The key of every warehouse, of every bank, and of every insurance office; every pulpit, every bench of justice, and every professor's chair; every deed, and every bond and mortgage; all the endowments of colleges and asylums; our libraries, our dwellings, our farms, our gardens; all the offices of the township and of the nation; all the enterprizes of national improvement, and all the plans of benevolence—fruits of many prayers and of thoughtful wisdom—all these things are soon to be committed to young men. In every pulsation of the heart of a young man, therefore; in every plan that he forms; in the development of every feeling and purpose, the community has the deepest interest. And when the eye is dim with age, and the frame is weak and palsied, if there is anything that will kindle up that eye with momentary brilliancy, or inspirit that frame, it is the expanding virtue of a son, and the feeling that the coming generation will not be unworthy to receive a trust so dear to a departing Christian and patriot. So the aged patriarch Jacob, when he was borne down under a weight of years, and he felt that he was about to die, assembled his sons around him; and, animated by the prospects before them, his departing soul was stirred within him. He pronounced his last benediction in language of the loftiest prophetic inspiration; committed to them the great interests of truth and of religion, and having made an end of commanding his sons, he "gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered peacefully unto his people."—Gen. xlix.

Let us then ask, more distinctly, what there is in a young man, considered as an individual, and in reference to these relations, which furnishes ground for this solicitude, and on which an institution like the Sabbath may be supposed to have a happy influence.

In the bearing of the Sabbath on the character and prospects of a young man, we may contemplate him in three aspects—as demanding periodical rest; as exposed to influences which it would be desirable to check and control by some such institution; and as designed to be a religious being.

(1.) First, as demanding periodical seasons of rest. I mean, that he comes under the general law of our being, though in the full vigor of his youthful powers, by which rest at certain seasons is demanded. The law of nature on this subject is not one which is applicable only to enfeebled age, but which has respect to man in his highest vigor of body and of mind.

I lay down, then, the general principle, that such are the laws of our nature in respect to all the efforts which we can put forth,

that rest, honest rest, is demanded after exertion; that a continued and unremitted employment of our powers is, in many cases, impossible, and in all, injurious; and that by allowing the periodical rest which nature demands, man will accomplish more than he will by continuous and unintermitted effort.

This is true, as we all know, of the muscular system, voluntary and involuntary. In breathing, in winking the eyes, in the beating of the heart, there is a system of alternate action and repose, each brief, indeed, in their existence, but indispensable to the healthful action of the muscle, and to the continuance of life. Each one of these organs, too, though they seem to be constantly in motion, will have the rest which nature demands, or disease and death will be the result. The same is true of our voluntary muscles. He that should endeavor to labor at the same thing constantly; he that should attempt to run or walk without relaxation; he that should exercise the same class of muscles in writing, in the practice of music, in climbing, or in holding the limb in a fixed position, would soon be sensible that he was violating a law of nature, and would be compelled, by a fearful penalty, to pay the forfeit. Nay, in doing these very things—in running, or leaping, or climbing, or in the most rapid execution of a piece of music, nature has provided, by antagonist muscles, that the great law demanding repose shall not be disregarded. A long-continued and unintermitted tension of any one of the muscles of the frame, would soon bring us in conflict with one of the universal laws of our being; and we should be reminded of the existence of those laws in such a way, that we should feel that they *must* be observed.

Yet the operation of *this* law of our nature is not enough. We need other modes of rest than those which can be obtained by the intermitted action of a muscle, which is soon to be resumed. We need longer repose; we need an entire relaxation of the system; we need such a condition that every muscle and nerve shall be laid down—shall be relaxed—shall be composed to rest, and shall be left in an undisturbed position for hours together, where there shall be no danger of its being summoned into action. Nature has provided for this too; and this law must be obeyed. For a few hours only can we be employed on our farms or in our merchandise, and then the sun refuses us light any longer, and night spreads her sable curtains over all things, and the affairs of a busy world come to a pause. Darkness broods on the path of man; comes into his counting-house and his dwelling; meets him in his travels; interrupts his busiest employments; wraps the world in silence, and he himself sympathises with the universal stillness of nature, and sinks down into a state of unconsciousness. The heart continues, indeed, still to beat, but more gently than under the excitements of political strife, of avarice, and revenge; the lungs heave, though more gently than in the hurry and excitement of the chase, or in the anxious effort for gold. But the eye-lid, heavy, will not suffer the eye to look out on the world, and even

its involuntary action entirely ceases, and it sinks to repose. The ear, as if tired of hearing so many jarring and discordant sounds, hears nothing; the eye, as if wearied with seeing, sees nothing; the agitated bosom is as calm as it was in the slumberings of infancy; the stretched and weary muscle is relaxed; the nerve is released from its office of conveying the intimations of the will to the distant members of the exhausted frame. The storm may howl without, or the ocean roll high its billows, or perhaps even the thunder of battle may be near, but nature will have repose. Napoleon, at Leipsic, exhausted by fatigue, reposed at the foot of a tree, even when the destiny of his empire depended on the issue of the battle; and not even the roaring storm at sea can prevent compliance with this necessary law. Sleep,

"Upon the high and giddy mast,
Seals up the ship-boy's eyes, and rocks his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That with the hurly, death itself awakes."

To the weary man,

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
—his ready visit pays."

Night, sable goddess, from her ebony throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

Silence, how dread! and darkness, how profound!

Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds:

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse

Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,

An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

This law of rest must be obeyed. There is no muscular frame so powerful that it can be disregarded; there is no pursuit so attractive that it can long cease to act; there is no joy so intense that sleep can be always driven away, that we may taste the bliss uninterrupted; and there is no sorrow so keen, however long it may drive sleep from the eyes, that will not ultimately yield to it—either the calm sleep of night, or the calmer slumbers of the grave. The mighty mind, and the vigorous frame of Napoleon once enabled him to pass four days and nights in the exciting scenes of an active campaign, without sleep, and then he fell asleep on his horse. The keenest torture which man has ever invented has been a devise to drive sleep from the eyes, and to fix the body in such a position that it cannot find repose—and even this must fail, for the sufferer *will* find repose on the rack or in death.

The same law demanding rest exists also in relation to the mind, and is as imperious in regard to the intellectual and moral powers, in order to their permanent and healthful action, as to the muscles

of the body. No man can long pursue an intellectual effort without repose. He who attempts to hold his mind long to one train of close thinking; he who pursues far an abstruse proposition; and he who is wrought up into a high state of excitement, *must* have relaxation and repose. If he does not yield to this law, his mind is unstrung; the mental faculties are thrown from their balance; and the frenzied powers, perhaps yet mighty, move with tremendous but irregular force, like an engine without balance-wheel or 'governor,' and the man of high intellectual powers, like Lear, becomes a raving maniac. So with our moral feelings. The intensest zeal will not always be on fire; the keenest sorrow will find intermission; and even love does not always glow with the same ardor in the soul. This law, contemplating our welfare, cannot be violated without incurring a fearful penalty. If men will apply the powers of the body or the mind without relaxation; if they will deny themselves necessary rest, there is no recuperative or compensative power which nature has provided to remedy the evil. There is no constitution, however Herculean, that can bear up under the forced and unnatural effort. The most vigorous frame must yield; the most gigantic powers will find rest in the grave. I need not remind you how often this principle is illustrated in our colleges, and in each of the learned professions. How many a youth is cut down by disregarding the law that the body and mind *must* have rest, and by pushing his studies far into that time which nature has allotted to repose! How many a youth finds an early grave by seeking that which no man should ever seek—the reputation of 'trimming the midnight lamp!' When will the world cease to mourn over the early fall of Henry Kirke White, a name redeemed from the imputation of folly only by the splendor of his genius, and the purity of his heart, and by that sweet piety which breathed in all that he ever wrote—the pure sparkling beauty of those gems for which he laid down his life? The name of the youthful Mason in our own land will be remembered as much with sorrow that he wore out his years by intense application to one pursuit, regardless of health and life, as for the splendor of that talent which promised to place him at the head of the noblest of the sciences, in this Western world. The law which imposes on the generous and ardent nature of youth the necessity of rest from toil; which would have taught Kirke White and Mason to pause and rest—honestly, *rest*, is a benevolent law. It can never be violated without more ultimate harm than good. Whether this law which nature has ordained is sufficient for man without other seasons of rest of positive appointment, will be appropriately considered in another part of this discourse.

(2.) We have contemplated the young man in his relation to the law of nature which demands periodical seasons of rest. Let us next consider him as exposed to influences which it would be desirable to check and control by some such institution as a Sabbath

—a day frequently returning that should break in upon such influences, and bring in those of another kind.

The influences to which I refer are those which spring from a uniform pursuit of any kind, and those which tend to sap the foundation of virtue.

(a) The mind is not in a condition for its best development, when it is under an *unbroken influence* of any kind, however good in itself. It is not made for one thing, but for many things; not for the contemplation of one object, but of many objects: Life is not all one thing, it is broken up into many interests, many hopes, many anxieties, many modifications of sorrow and joy. On the earth it is not all night or all day; all sunshine or all shade; all hill or all vale; all spring or all winter. No man is made exclusively for any one pursuit, or for the exercise of one class of affections or feelings only, or to touch on society like a globe on a plain, only on one point. If there *were* such a being in the shape of a man—one who had a mind that *could* be applied only to one class of things, or affections that *could* love only one class of objects, he would be a monster;—and towards this condition every man approximates who gives his whole soul, with all its varied powers, to the unbroken pursuit of a single thing. Let him do nothing but read poetry; let him do nothing but tell his beads or repeat his “paternoster;” let him do nothing but study mathematics or metaphysics; or let him do nothing but make money; and valuable as any of those things may be in themselves, he never meets the full demands of his nature. There are powers of his soul which are like those parts of the frames of animals which you see where nature began to work as if they might be of use, but which never being employed, became utterly dried up and useless.

Now look one moment, for illustration, at the effect of *unbroken and uninterrupted worldliness* on a man’s mind. The man referred to may develop in the highest degree the powers of mind which constitute the successful merchant; he may have a far-reaching sagacity in business; he may never send out a vessel on an unsuccessful adventure; he may possess the powers of calculation in the highest degree; he may become rich, and build him a palace, and be “clothed in fine linen and purple,” but what is he then? Is he a *man* in the proper sense of the word *man*? There is but one single class of his faculties which has ever been developed, and he is *not* a man. He is but a calculating machine, though the powers of his nature may have been carried as far as possible in that direction. But what is he as a social being? Beyond the circle of the most limited range of topics he has no thoughts; no words. What is he as an intellectual being? Except in one limited department of the intellectual economy, his mind has never been cultivated at all. What is he as a man of sensibility, of refinement, of cultivated taste? Not one of these things has been cultivated, and in none of them, unless by accident, has he any of the qualities of a man. What is he in relation to the sympathies

of a tender heart toward the poor, the needy, the oppressed? If those things are found in his books of account, they come within the range of his vision, but not otherwise. What is he in relation to the salvation of his own soul? Just as if he had none. What is he in relation to the world of sorrow and of sadness, and to the efforts which are made to alleviate its woes, and to raise it in the scale of being? He is acquainted with the world for commercial purposes only; he knows its geography, its ports of entry, its consuls, its custom-house laws; but he knows not the world as an abode of suffering and of wrong, and, I may add, as dressed up in exquisite beauty by its Maker. Man, in the costume of China or India, he knows as a trafficker; man, as made in the image of God and as a moral being, he knows not in any costume or land. This *unbroken influence* on the mind, the Sabbath is adapted, without periling anything good, to break up. We shall see that it would not be safe to do it without something to give occupancy to the interval, and that the kind of occupancy which the Sabbath would furnish is that which would prevent any evil, and which would introduce valuable influences of a much higher order.

(b) The other kind of influences on the mind of a young man which I said it is desirable to check, are those which tend to sap the foundations of virtue. I need not say, that every young man is exposed to temptation. That is so obvious, that it would not be profitable to dwell on it. I may remark, however, that in connection with the subject of temptation, every young man is on *trial* with reference to the question what the community will entrust to him in future life. The world is favorably disposed towards young men. We, who have reached middle or advanced life, know full well—gray hairs and infirmities will keep us in mind of it if it is too painful to dwell upon it voluntarily—that all that we have, and all that we hold dear in church or state is soon to pass into other hands. Some youths in the crowd are even now coming forward slowly but steadily, to elbow us out of the pulpit; out of our place at the bar; out of the circle of our practice in medicine; out of the exchange; out of the world. They are to own what we own now, and to carry forward or defeat our plans of public improvement and of benevolence. We are making up our minds to bear this crowding, and to make our exit from the stage, with as good a grace as possible; but we cannot say that we have no solicitude about the *character* of those into whose hands all these things are soon to pass. Hence, every young man is on trial—alike before his co-equals and his sires. There is an eye of unslumbering vigilance on every young man—more vigilant and more unslumbering than most young men suppose; and the whole question, what portion of this rich general inheritance is to be entrusted to the hands of any one young man is to be determined solely by the *character* which he shall form. Into that character on which all depends, enter his views and principles; his habits of truth, and industry, and honesty; the manner in which he resists temptation,

or yields to it; the triumphs which he achieves over powerful allurements to evil, or the ease with which he surrenders himself to the soft pleasures of indolence and sensuality. The character of every young man is known by the community where he lives, and he never yields to temptation without doing much to determine what he is to be in future life. The true question is, whether he is worthy of the *confidence* of the community; worthy to be entrusted with business, with office, with clients, with patients; and it is not improper to add, with the hand of a virtuous woman for a wife.

Let it also be added, that this trial extends through all the period of youth, and reaches wholly up to manhood. It is not sufficient to have escaped from one danger; to have emerged triumphantly from one form of temptation. The young man must have escaped *every* danger; must have gone safely through all forms of temptation. There is often a point in a young man's life when he *seems* to have escaped danger, but which is in fact the prelude to his ruin. He has passed through one form of peril, and seems to be safe, and yet from that very point he will move only to destruction. The mind may linger a little while, and then, when apparently safe, a new danger will arise, and though the struggle may be arduous and torturing, it will be too late for rescue. On the great river that flows west of the Rocky mountains to the ocean, there is a place where the waters are compressed by the rocks into a narrow channel, and where the river suddenly falls many feet, pitching and tumbling over the rocks. The passage is by no means unattended with danger, but it is not unfrequently made in a boat. Yet *below* that fall, there is a deeper danger still. The water appears smooth, gliding onwards as though there were no treachery in its flow. The boat, having shot down the narrow passage, is seen to stop, and to lie without motion on the bosom of the waters. It neither goes forward, nor backward, nor towards either shore, as if there were a moment of deliberation in which way it should go. Soon it begins to move, not forward, but in a circular direction. It moves so gently that one who knew not the perils of the place would feel no alarm; but then commences the fearful struggle. Round it is swept with increasing velocity in spite of the efforts of the boatman. Every oar is plied; every nerve of the oarsman is stretched; every effort possible made at the bow and the stern to turn the boat from that fatal current. It goes round, and round, and round, in spite of death-like exertions, increasing in rapidity as the circles grow smaller, until, having reached the centre, in an instant, the boat and all its crew disappear. Rare is it that a fragment of the boat is seen afterwards, or that a body that is lost is recovered.* So there are points in the lives of young men, when they seem to have escaped the greatest perils, and when there seems to be no dangerous tendency in any direction. Yet soon there is a movement, perhaps commencing far from the vortex; and there is a struggle, but the current sweeps in

* U. S. Exploring Expedition, iv. 403.

to ruin. The young men who are lost by intemperance and sensuality, do not perish without a struggle. They do not lay their oars calmly down, and let the current sweep them on. It is after many a struggle—when too late; it is after many a conflict, when the power that bears them forward has secured a firm grasp, that they perish. Now, what the young man needs for his safety, is some steady influence in favor of virtue that shall bear him through every danger; some power acting on his soul at every point—when he *seems* to be safe, and when he is *seen* to be in danger; when he has escaped one manifest place of peril, and when he glides into a more dangerous position, though it *seems* to be safe; some steady influence that shall accompany him up to manhood, and place him in safety on that elevation beyond all the dangers that beset youth. The question now before us is, whether the Sabbath, properly observed, would exert such an influence on the mind of a young man? Or, perhaps the true question in regard to the young men of this land, in fact, would be, since this day *will* be a day of suspended toil, whether if improperly observed, it will not do more than all other things else to sweep him on to destruction, even when he feels most secure?

(3.) We have contemplated the young man in his relation to the general law which demands periodical seasons of rest, and in reference to the influences over him which it would be desirable to check and control by some such institution as the Sabbath. Let us now, for a moment, consider him as designed to be a religious being.

We have already seen that the perfection of man cannot be secured in body or mind by the exclusive cultivation of one set of the bodily organs, or one class of the mental faculties. The idea which I wish now to suggest is, that his perfection cannot be reached without regarding his religious susceptibilities, or considering him as designed to be a religious being. Man has higher interests than those connected with bodily or mental toil. He is not a mere pack-horse; a mere beast of burden; a mere machine to build pyramids, and to dig canals; a mere animal for carrying a load up and down the hills, and along the plains of life. He has other things to attend to than to fell trees, or to plough the ground, or to sink a shaft in the earth, or to sit by a crucible, or to look through a telescope at the stars. He is a moral agent; a sinner; a traveler to another state of existence; a candidate for a higher sphere of being. There is a wretched mistake which men are constantly making, and which is fostered by most of the plans and arrangements of this life, and in many cases by what seems almost to be the necessity of the case. It is, that of regarding this world as all, and time as valuable only as it contributes to the success of the calling to which we have devoted our lives. A man may be so intent on gain, and may regard that as so much the only object of existence, as to consider the time taken up in the perusal of a book, or even the reading of a newspaper—except the portion relat-

ing to the state of the market, and all time spent in social enjoyment with his own family or neighbors, as so much dead loss. With sad reflections on himself, he may think how much money he *might* have made in those very hours now wasted. In like manner, a youth may be so occupied in his classical and professional studies, as to consider all the time taken in cultivating the amenities and social tendencies of his nature, as so much waste. And with a perversity of view not less, men come to feel that this world is the great object of living, and that all the time taken for religion—for the cultivation of the heart, and for prayer, and for praise, is so much wasted. The time employed for that, whether the Sabbath or other days, is the same as abstracting so many dollars and cents from the actual wealth of a community, and is thus a total loss in respect to the purpose for which man should live. With some considerable good, the maxim of Dr. Franklin, so well known and remembered, that "time is money," has done infinite mischief. As though time were nothing else than *money*! As though that were the only object for which man should live! As though literature were nothing, and social enjoyment were nothing, and the claims of benevolence were nothing, and it were nothing to cultivate the heart, and to prepare for another world! To a man under the full influence of such a maxim, a Sabbath, of course, becomes a dead loss—a mere waste; a bog and fen of life; a Campaign, producing only a dull and deadly malaria, blighting every form of life—for it produces nothing in the only purpose for which life is given. It has prevented his ploughing so many roods of land, or selling so many yards of cloth, or manufacturing so many articles in his line, or hastening so many miles on his way to the El Dorado of his hopes. With such a miserable view of human life as this is, the Sabbath is, of course, a waste, a burden, and a curse. But man has higher interests than to make money, and time is given to him just as certainly with reference to those interests as it is to those which pertain to this life. He is intended to be a *religious* being, and until he is, he never reaches the end for which he is made. He has a soul to save. He has entrusted to him the business of preparing for eternity. He is a rational and accountable being, as well as a maker of money; he is a candidate for the crown incorruptible, as well as a builder of houses, and a trafficker in stocks, and corn, and cotton, and broadcloths.

This leads me to say, then, that there is a work which *ought* to be done in every man's soul, just such as contemplated to be done on the Sabbath. There is always an accumulation of bad influences in the uninterrupted pursuits of this life, which a man ought periodically to throw off. It is an advantage for a man who is engaged in the world to pause and reflect, lest his worldliness should obtain the entire mastery, and he should forget everything else. Every man is subject to passion, to pride, to envy, to ambition, to impatience under provocation and trial; and it is well to pause lest these things rivet on him the fetters of perpetual servi-

tude. One class of society is in danger of living for gaiety and vanity, and it is well for them to pause and inquire whether there are no higher and nobler ends of life than these. We become excited in the political world; we become engaged in contentions and strifes; we allow unkind thoughts of a neighbor to obtain a lodgment in the soul, and there is an advantage in taking time for cool reflection, and for allowing the tempests of life to blow over, and the mind to become calm again. Need I say here that all the appropriate duties of the Sabbath—the duties of religion—are just fitted to meet these dangers of the soul, and to restore it to its pursuits in this world with a weakened inclination to evil, and with a strengthened purpose to do right?

I am now speaking of the young man as a *religious* being, and of the place which *religion* is designed to occupy in our character, if that character is complete. I have not time to expand the thoughts which suggest themselves on this point, or to illustrate the influence which religion is designed to exert in order to the completion of the just idea of a man. Nor have I time to state the advantages growing out of the religious principle, and of the fact that man was designed to be a religious being, of which a young man *might* avail himself, in order to make the most of himself, as an intellectual and a moral being, as a son, a brother, a husband, a father, a man of science, a citizen, a friend of humanity. I will just say, (1.) First, That the religious sentiment, or the religious susceptibility, exists peculiarly in the human bosom—in man alone of all the creatures of God here below, and in *all* men, unless it has been extinguished by vice, or overlaid by worldliness. (2.) Second, That it is the most powerful of all principles that reign in the human soul, and can be made to accomplish as much for good or for evil in the world as any other power or principle in man, whether in the form of *superstition*, binding hundreds of millions of minds to the low forms of religion, so that they can never rise and assert the dignity of their individual nature; or in the form of *fanaticism*, arming millions for conquest, and pouring embattled legions on peaceful nations to spread the desolations of war; or in the form of *principle*, leading man to curb his impetuous passions, and to lead a life of integrity amidst the temptations of the world; or in the form of *benevolence*, leading a man like Howard to spend his life amid the pestilential dungeons of Europe, or Henry Martin, to turn away from the highest literary honors, and to seek the salvation of the wandering heathen. (3.) Third, Religion is destined to play a part in this world which nothing else is, and to accomplish for man what nothing else can; for there is no intellectual cultivation, no grace of manners, no sentiment of honor, honesty, or patriotism, which can do in this world what religion does. It stands by itself—a principle most mighty, and that may be made most efficacious for the good of man. A principle of our nature thus mighty; thus capable of good influences; thus susceptible to perversion; and yet thus cer-

tainly destined to act in the world, has a *claim* on the attention of a young man. He should know what it is; what it means; why it has been placed in the human bosom; and how much may be made of it for this world and the next. I need not say that it is primarily with reference to this that the Sabbath has been appointed.

As an illustration of the power of the religious principles in controlling men, and at the same time to show how deeply the love of the institution which I advocate was imbedded in the hearts of the fathers of this republic, I may refer to one of the earliest incidents in our history. The "Mayflower"—a name now immortal—had crossed the ocean. It had borne its hundred passengers over the vast deep, and after a perilous voyage, had reached the bleak shores of New England in the beginning of winter. The spot which was to furnish a home was now to be selected. The shallop was unshipped, and after sixteen weary days in repairing it, during which the vessel was at anchor, was sent out amidst ice and snow, with some half a dozen pilgrims, to find a suitable place to land. The spray of the sea, says the historian, froze on them, and made their clothes like coats of iron. Five days they wandered about, searching in vain for a suitable landing-place. A storm came on, and the snow and the rain fell, the sea swelled, the rudder broke, the mast and the sail fell overboard. In this storm and cold, without a tent, a house, or the shelter of a rock, the Christian Sabbath approached—the day which they regarded as holy unto God—a day on which they were not to "do any work." What should be done? As the evening before the Sabbath drew on, they pushed over the surf, entered a fair sound, sheltered themselves under the lee of a rise of land, kindled a fire, and on that little island they spent the day in the solemn worship of their Maker. On the next day, their feet touched the rock now sacred as the place of the landing of the Pilgrims. The whole scene—the cold winter, the raging sea, the driving storm, the houseless, homeless island, the families of wives and children in the distance, weary with the voyage, and impatient to land—and yet the sacred observance of a day which they kept from principle, shows how much religion may do to control men—how it may shape human life—how little a man, under the influence of religion, will be affected by surrounding difficulties; and of what importance they regarded the Sabbath to be for themselves and their children.

I have gone through two of the inquiries on which I proposed to address you—the question what the Sabbath is designed to accomplish, and what there is in the condition and prospects of a young man to which such an institution may be adapted. There remains but one other point in order to the completion of the argument which I proposed. It is, How will the observance of the Sabbath contribute to the promotion of these objects?

It would not be right for me to tax your patience much longer,

yet I will venture to ask your attention to a few thoughts in answer to this inquiry.

Keeping, therefore, a young man in view in the aspects already referred to, as an individual, and a member of the community; as demanding periodical seasons of rest; as exposed to temptations; and as endowed by his Creator with a nature susceptible to being influenced by religion, I would submit the following remarks:

(1.) First, That it is now a settled principle that in every community there will be periodical days of cessation from toil; days of rest. There never has been a nation which has supposed that the labors of this life were to be continued without interruption, or without periodical seasons for relaxation. In the course of events, and by actual experiment made everywhere, it is settled that the seasons of repose which nature has ordained in the intermitted action of the muscles and in sleep, are *not* enough for man. Everywhere it has been determined that there is a necessity for periodical days of rest frequently recurring; and everywhere men have found that *by* such intervals of rest, they could make more of life, and could be more sure of a healthful body and of a vigorous intellect, than they could by unintermitted toil; and that however such days might be spent, and whatever might be their influence on society, there *would* be, and *must* be, such days of relaxation from toil. This may be regarded as a law as well settled in regard to society, as the law demanding rest in the action of the muscular system, and rest at night. There never has been a law-giver who has made arrangements for uninterrupted toil, or who has not contemplated some seasons for relaxation, for social pastimes, or for the duties of religion. Such arrangements have entered into all systems of legislation, from Solon and Numa to Charles II.; from the laws of Sparta to the Book of Sports; and they now enter into the arrangements of all monarchs who sway an arbitrary sceptre, and of all freemen who form a constitution for a republic. An arrangement under a human government which should contemplate continued and uninterrupted toil; which should presume that the rest provided by nature in the muscular system or in sleep, was all that is needful for man, would soon fall to pieces by its own weight, and be broken up in confusion.

The facts on this point are too numerous and too well known to make it needful for me to go into any detail. I need not remind the student of Hebrew customs, that the Jew had secured to him by law every seventh day, and every seventh year, and every fiftieth year, in addition to numerous festivals and fasts occurring every year; that this arrangement extended to every class in the community; and that it was guaranteed to the servant as well as to his master, to the peasant as well as the prince, to the operative classes as well as to the ecclesiastical orders. I need not remind the student of classical literature, that periodical seasons of rest were secured under the models of government to which he is accustomed to refer, Greece and Rome. He has only to look into

his Potter or his Eschenburg, to see how this matter was arranged; to see how many days in each year were regarded as sacred—days in which toil was to be suspended; days devoted to the worship of particular gods, or to the commemoration of important events; days in which even the yoke was loosed from the neck of the slave, and he was permitted to taste the sweets of momentary freedom. To such a student I need not say, that if all those festivals had been observed by an individual, the number of days which would have been so employed in each year would have exceeded by far what would be demanded by the observance of the Christian Sabbath; and that in the Grecian and Roman community at large, the amount of actual interruption of the course of business, gain, studies, was much greater than would arise from the observance of the Christian Sabbath after the most rigid of the Scottish, or Genevan, or Puritan notions. To him who has studied the history of the French revolution—and who has not?—I need not say, that in the highest state of the frenzy of that time, and in the midst of the most determined madness against all the institutions of revealed religion, the *decade* was appointed; and every tenth day was made a Sabbath of rest and of relaxation from toil. In all the madness of the leaders of that wonderful revolution, they never dreamed that the physical energies of a people could be uninterruptedly taxed, or that the wheels of commerce, and ambition, and war, could be always rolled on. They knew that the powers of man demanded repose; they knew that there were times when, if the state would live, even the wheels of desolation and crime, clogged with gore, must be suffered periodically to stand still. And need I remind you of the festivals of Egypt, and Persia, and Chaldæa? Need I tell you that there is not now a heathen nation, or tribe of men, whose institutions do not contemplate a cessation of this world's business to attend on the worship of the gods? It never yet entered into the brain of any political enthusiast, however crazed, that a nation could prosper without some seasons, periodically occurring, of cessation from labor.

(2.) Secondly, This leads me to observe, that, in this land, whatever other days may be set apart for this purpose, the first day of the week *will be*. We have few festivals, and the general spirit of our people is against their being increased. But the first day of the week *will be* set apart as a day of relaxation from labor; and it can never, without an entire change in our national feelings, habits, and laws, be placed on the same level with the other days of the week. That it is to be a day of rest, a day on which the ordinary affairs of life are to be suspended, is recognised in all our laws and customs; in all contracts between man and man; in the suspension of business in the halls of legislation; in the closing of banks, and stores, and courts, and schools; in the settled habits of the aged, and in the plans of the middle aged, and in the feelings of childhood. You would violate the habits formed through the longest life if you were to deny this to the old man; you

would deprive the child of what he feels, even thus early, to be a birth-right, if you were to compel him to go to the common school on the first day of the week; you would infringe on rights which every young man knows he has, if you were to insert in his indentures of apprenticeship that he was to work on Sunday. The Sabbath in this country can never be made a day of labor. Here and there, indeed, it may be by an individual, but it can never be by the community at large. Here and there a man may go into the woods to fell trees, but the sound of his axe will be different to him from what it is on other days; and in the stillness which reigns around him, when nobody else works, the echoing of his own blows will frighten him. Here and there a man will go into his fields to plough, but he will feel that the eyes of all his neighbors are upon him, and a consciousness of guiltiness will come over him, and he will let his plough stand still in some distant nook of his field, while his neighbor passes by on his way to the house of God. Here and there a man will open his store, but it will be with the uncomfortable feeling which one has always who goes against the general judgment of mankind. Here and there a man will go into his counting-room to post his books, or to write his letters, but he will wish to enter and come out by stealth, and at such times that he will not be likely to be seen. And here and there, too, a man will wander through a forest, or along the margin of a stream, with his fishing-rod or his gun, but the very stillness of the grove, or the warbling of the birds, or the sweet and gentle music of the rivalet, so much in unison with the worship of God, but so little with his own employment, will rebuke him. It is out of the question: this day cannot be made a day of business, or of school-teaching, or of travel, extensively in this land. Then I remark,

(3.) Thirdly, That one of two things is clear: it is to be, alike to the old and the young, an eminent blessing or an eminent curse. If a blessing, it is to be one of the richest that can be vouchsafed to us; if a curse, one of the direst that can come upon the nation. You cannot take out from human life one seventh part, and release all men from the necessity of toil, without producing some decided effect on their intellects and their morals. You cannot disband all your schools, and discharge your clerks and apprentices, and release all the working classes in a community on one day in every seven, without originating new influences that are destined to affect, for good or for evil, every individual and every social organization in the land. If to this discharged multitude, you open every place of amusement and vice; if you establish and legalize fountains of poison at every corner of the street, and along every pathway where they may choose to wander, you may soon bid farewell to everything that is dear to us as citizens and as men—to the whole purchase which our fathers made with so much treasure and so much blood. For we shall have a Sabbath. We shall have it as long as these streams run, and these mountains lift

their heads on high. If it is not a day of rest, and purity, and religion, it will be a day of amusement, and vice, and blasphemy, and crime. We must have the law of God reigning in this land on this subject, or the "Book of Sports;" we must have the quiet, and order, and peace of the Christian Sabbath, or the Roman Saturnalia; we must have a day of worship, or a day of military reviews, and horse-racing, and bull-fights; we must have the Puritan Sabbath, or a day for universal amusement, as at Vienna, a day for the ring, as at Madrid and Mexico, a day for theatres and military parades, as they have at Paris. The question to be determined is this, and this only, whether the nation can afford to have one day in seven as a day of riot and disorder—a Saturnalia occurring more than fifty times in a year, when Rome, in the most palmy days of her virtue, could scarcely survive the effects of one. This leads me to say,

(4). Fourthly, that this day may be made eminently conducive to the maintenance and stability of all that we value in this land. The proper observance of the Sabbath is fitted to make all our young men just such citizens as our institutions contemplate; temperate, intelligent, pure, patriotic, devoted to virtue, to their country, and to their God. The observance of this day is adapted to foster all those virtues which are essential to the purity of the elective franchise; to secure just such instruction as shall fit every man to perform his duty as a citizen in the best manner; and to diffuse over our country just such a tone of morals as shall be adapted, under the great laws of God's government, to perpetuate our liberty. There is not a virtue contemplated by the Constitution as necessary to the permanency of the Republic, which would not be strengthened by the observance of the Sabbath; there is not a vice or crime, on account of which God has overwhelmed other nations, which would not be checked and restrained by such an observance; and there is not a vice or crime, on account of which God in his anger overthrew Sodom, Babylon and Herculaneum, which would not be fostered, hastening on our own destruction by the *desecration* of this day.

It is in reference to such points as these, that every young man is to form his opinion, and regulate his conduct, in regard to the observance of a day of sacred rest. Every young man in view of his constitution and wants as an individual and as a social being; in view of the toils, the trials, the duties, and the temptations of life; in view of the fact that the most momentous interests of liberty and religion in the world are soon to pass into his hands; and in view of the fact that he has interests in other worlds at stake, compared with which all his interests on this globe are trifles, is to make up his mind whether he *needs* such a day of rest, and whether it may be made to contribute to his own future welfare.

Let me add one word in conclusion. It should not be a day of idleness; it need not be a day of gloom. There is enough to be accomplished in every soul, by duties appropriate to the day, to re-
 cue every moment from tedium and ennui. If it were as pleasant

to man to cultivate his heart as it is his intellectual powers ; if he felt it to be as momentous to prepare for the life to come as for the present world ; if he delighted in the service of his Maker as he does in the society of his friends below, the difficulty would not be that it would be impossible to fill up the day, but that the hours on the Sabbath had taken a more rapid flight than on other days, and that the shades of the evening come around us when our work is but half done. Let this one thought be borne with you to your homes, if no other, that the appropriate work of the Sabbath is *the heart*—all about the heart—all that can bear upon it—all that can make it better—and I am persuaded you will see no want of appropriate employment for one day in seven. See what there is in your heart, permanently abiding there, that demands correction. See what an accumulation of bad influences there may be during the toils and turmoils of the week, that may require removal. See how in the business of the world ; in domestic cares ; in professional studies or duties, the heart may be neglected, and there may arise a sad disproportion between the growth of the intellect, and the proper affections of the soul. See how, in the gayeties and vanities of life ; the pursuits of pleasure ; the love of flattery and applause, there may have been a steady growth of bad propensities through the week, not for one moment broken or checked. See how there may have been a silent but steady growth of avarice, pride, or ambition, all through the week, riveting the fetters of slavery on the soul, and bringing you into perpetual and ignoble bondage. See the tendency of all these things to harden the heart ; to chill the affections ; to stifle the voice of conscience ; and to make the mind grovelling and worldly. See what an unnatural growth the intellect of man sometimes attains to, while all the finer feelings of his nature, like fragrant shrubs and beautiful flowers under the dense foliage of a far-spreading oak, are overshadowed and stunted. And then see what in nature and in grace is open for the cultivation of the heart. The worship of God, adapted to assimilate the soul to the Creator ; the Bible, full of precepts and promises, bearing directly on the heart ; the rich and inexhaustible treasures in our own English religious literature ;—the lessons of morality, purity and benevolence, and the sacred effusions of the poetic muse, adapted to raise the soul to God. See a world of sinners and sufferers accessible to your benevolent efforts, and capable of being benefited by your counsels and your prayers. See the ignorant on every hand that need to be instructed ; children in every city, village and hamlet, that need to be taught the way to heaven ; a world full of the ignorant and the suffering, that demand your sympathy. Then contemplate your own soul—a soul immortal as God—to be saved or lost ; its great work of preparation for another state of being perhaps not yet commenced ; the whole business of being renovated, pardoned, sanctified, to be yet performed ; death to be prepared for and to be met in a proper manner :—look upon these things, and you will not say that God

has not given you enough to do on this holy day to rescue it from dullness and gloom. Every mind may be in such a state that the happiest day of the week may be the day of holy rest; and imperfectly as it is observed and enjoyed now on earth, I am persuaded that there is more pure joy, more solid and elevated happiness, more that approximates the enjoyment of heaven on this day, than on any other of the seven. In how many happy hearts on this day is that heaven begun in the soul which shall never end! There is many, many a heart that appreciates all the force and beauty of these words:

Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease:

Yet, while they gently roll,

Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,

A Sabbath o'er my soul.

When will my pilgrimage be done,

The world's long week be o'er?

That Sabbath dawn, which needs no sun;

That day which fades no more!

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER'S LAMENT.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."—LUKE xix. 41.

THE Son of God, the Savior of the world, in tears, was a most touching and affecting spectacle. Since his ascension to heaven, earth has seen nothing like it. What a spectacle, to see divine compassion weeping over a world in ruins! The cause for weeping still exists. Innumerable multitudes are still in their sins, and impenitent, and perishing by millions every year. And never does the Christian minister appear more to possess the spirit of the compassionate Savior, than when he is seen with weeping eyes, endeavoring to persuade men to be reconciled to God, and flee from the wrath to come.

Every minister of Christ is distinguished by an anxious concern for the salvation of men. His heart's desire and prayer to God for his hearers, is, that they may be saved. Having been qualified for his office, and appointed to the discharge of its duties by Christ, he is influenced by the Spirit of Christ; and in nothing is this more manifest than in his display of that compassionate feeling for miserable men, which appeared in the Redeemer when he wept over Jerusalem. Strong are the desires, many the thoughts, and earnest the reasonings, that rise in his mind on this subject. The one, great, intense, all-absorbing passion of his spirit is that he may win souls to Christ. He would compel men to come in; and, while he is blowing the trumpet of the gospel, he anxiously waits to see the people gather around the standard of the Shiloh. To

this object all his talents are directed. His clear understanding of the Scriptures—his aptness to teach—his ability to illustrate and enforce divine truth, so as to render it both intelligible and impressive—his evangelic unction—his zeal, seriousness, and tenderness of spirit—his jealousy for the Lord of Hosts—the hallowed and fervid eloquence with which his lips have been touched by the live coal from the altar of devotion—the faith and love which render his work solemn and delightful to himself, and cause him to concentrate upon it the best energies of his intellect and heart, are *all* subservient to this one purpose. And his feelings are perfectly natural; for this is the object of his labors. The very form into which his message is cast is scarcely anything else than the words whereby we must be saved. His theme is the common salvation. With the Baptist he cries in the ears of his auditors: "Flee from the wrath to come."

Regarding his talents, his time, his energies, his whole life, as marked by the seal, as bound by the vow of consecration to Christ; believing himself to have been chosen by the Captain of our salvation to active service in the Christian warfare, with what anxiety does he look for the success of his labors! How much is he gratified to see that the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified—to find that he does not labor in vain, nor spend his strength for nought! With what pleasure does he hear those to whom he has faithfully delivered his message show the power with which it has been received, by crying out, in the language of conviction, "What must we do to be saved?" And, on the other hand, how bitterly does he lament the want of success! How much does he experience of the sadness of disappointment and the sickness of hope deferred, when the words he proclaims become like water spilt upon the ground—as seed sown by the way side, or in its growth choked with thorns; like characters traced on the sand, or a ship's track in the sea, that soon disappears; exclaiming, in the language of the prophet, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

The field of a Christian minister's benevolence is eternity; he builds for eternity—he studies, labors, prays, instructs, warns, invites for eternity; all that he undertakes relates to eternity. His object is that the soul may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Time in his estimation derives its importance from eternity, since it affords the opportunity of sowing that seed of the Spirit which shall grow up into everlasting life, and be gathered as the never ending harvest of the soul, the immortal reward of piety and faith. The interests which he pleads are so illimitable and vast—the evils to be avoided are so appalling, and the good to be secured so transporting—the pit from which the sinner is drawn up so dark, so deep, so dreadful—the throne to which he is to be raised so glorious, so high, so blissful—the realities of another world partake so much of the character of infinity, that the benevolence of a Christian minister is generally a sublime emotion, an absorbing

feeling that almost annihilates all others, and frequently becomes deep even to melancholy, or passionate to the extreme of agony. He labors in the ministry of the Gospel, if by any means he may save some, and his earnestness is that of a person rescuing others from the most terrible calamities, saving them with fear, "pulling them out of the fire." Is it not natural that very partial success should be far from satisfying benevolence of this description? Can anything surpass the chilling disappoint of him who, with a heart thus sublimed or rather consumed with love, preaches to men in vain, stretching out his hand all day long to a gain-saying people? and who, hearing the storm coming, seeing the sky lower, and blue flames kindle in the air, signs of the fiery deluge above,—warns, without alarming, the giddy multitude, appearing to them like Lot to his sons-in-law when he said, "Up, get ye out of this place, for God will destroy this city."

Solemn to him is the thought of the day when he must stand with his hearers at the bar of God, and appear as a witness against those who have not profited by his ministry; and, however reluctantly, give in his evidence against them. How terrible to him the fear of meeting, at the left hand of Judge, those whom he had so often admonished and invited, in whose ears he had spoken the words of life every week for many, many years! How harrowing to his feelings to witness the death-bed of some of his hearers, and see them sink in death without hope, and recollect with what interest he had often regarded them in the sanctuary when their fears were alarmed by the terrors of the Lord, and they seemed awakened to compunctious feeling for sin, or when they appeared to be melted down by the love of Christ, or overwhelmed with the glories and miracles of the cross! Oh! is *this* the end of my labors? Have I been heaping consuming coals of fire on the heads of those for whom I hoped I was the means of bringing down the showers of heaven's blessings? Must the tree I have so long and so anxiously tended and watered, be plucked up by the roots and cast into the flames? How have I been disappointed in my dearest hopes! I was anticipating the satisfaction I should enjoy at the last day, and was already saying with the apostle, "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus at his coming?" How has my expectation been cut off! How has it become like the morning cloud, or early dew which goeth away? "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"